

The TREY O' HEARTS

(Continued from Page Six)

there for the sailing of the next transatlantic steamer. Oh, surely you can't deny me this one wish of my fond old heart, my boy!"

With a gesture of unfeigned affection Alan dropped a hand on Digby's shoulder.

"There's nothing on earth I would not do for you," he said: "you've been a father and a mother to me ever since I can remember, even if we were separated, most of the time, by three thousand miles of salt water. But this thing—I can't do it, even for you. I can't do it even for myself. Rose Trine is here in New York, in the hands and at the mercy of her father and sister; and you may judge what their mercy will be when you learn all that she has done for me. I won't go and I can't go until I find her and take her with me. And that is final."

"Then," Digby struck in, grasping wildly at a straw of hope, "I have your word you'll go, providing I find and restore Rose to you?"

"You have my word to that, unquestionably. Bring Rose to me, and I'll gladly shake the dust of New York from my shoes, and never return till Trine is put away comfortably in his grave."

"It shall be done," Digby promised. "It must!"

"You believe that?"

"In twelve hours Rose shall be restored to you."

"Will you make a book out of it? I'll bet you something happens—and hope I lose into the bargain. If you believe you can carry out your promise, wire the White Star line to reserve the best available suite on the Oceanic, sailing tomorrow morning at ten—and make arrangements for a marriage before the boat sails."

"I'll go you," Digby agreed: "and if I fail, I forfeit the cost of the reservation. But about this marriage—"

He hesitated.

"You'll have to have a license in this state—and can't get one except

much on the job; no chance here to steal unseen into the building.

This in itself might have been deemed a suspicious circumstance; not for nothing does an honest night watchman so deny the laws of nature and the tenets of his craft. But Alan merely praised the man while cursing the very fact of his existence; and, according to custom with bank-notes what seemed an uncommonly stubborn reluctance, and got his way.

He could not know that another skulked behind a barrier of line barrels and overheard all that passed and, when Alan had ducked smartly into the unfinished building, rose and stole after him with footsteps as noiseless as a cat's and a face that had the savagery of a tiger's when it was transiently revealed in a shaft of moonlight.

At length Alan gained the gridiron of girders on a plane with the lighted window across the way, and crept along one of these, gingerly on his hands and knees, until he came to its end and might, if he cared to, look down a hundred feet to the sidewalks.

That view, however, did not tempt; he kept his eyes level; and was rewarded with a bare glimpse of a prettily-pierced wall, framed in the lace of half-drawn curtains.

And of sudden—whether through fortuity, or instinct, or the psychological attraction of his steadfast concentration—the tenant of the room came to the window and stood there for a little, looking pensively out, altogether unconscious of the watcher in his aerial coil.

Again a horrible uncertainty harassed him. Was the woman Rose or Judith? That she was one of these he could plainly see. But which? Dared he assume his hopes fulfilled?

With difficulty he detached his hungry vision from her, and drawing from his pocket a small notebook, tore out a blank page, placed this flat on the girder, found a pencil, and with the assistance of a ray or two of moonlight scrawled a message of almost stenographic brevity.

When he looked up from this task, she had vanished.

Sitting up, astride the girder, he took his watch—a cheap affair he had picked up when reclothing himself in the garments of civilized society, at Providence, that morning—opened the

CHAPTER XXV.

Changeling.

In the vague, chill gray of that dull and desolate dawn, Judith stirred abruptly on the couch of a sleepless night, and with the rapidity of one who has arrived at a settled purpose after a long period of doubt and perplexity, rose and bathed and dressed herself in negligence.

In the adjoining room she could hear small, stealthy noises—the sounds made by her sister moving about and preparing against the unguessable moment when her rescue would be attempted, according to the information conveyed in that midnight message.

For chance had conspired with her insomnia to station Judith in the recess of her darkened window, idly viewing the gaunt framework of the unfinished building from an angle which, when Alan edged out along the girder, showed him plainly in silhouette against the sky.

In Judith's eyes his identity was unmistakable. She had hardly needed the nightglasses which presently she brought to bear upon him at the moment when he was laboriously inditing his message—while grim death stalked him from behind.

She had seen him throw the watch and had heard the double thump of its impact with the wall and floor of Rose's bedchamber.

And she had witnessed with wildly beating heart that duel in the air—able to surmise its outcome only from the fact that the victor spared the life of the vanquished.

The clock was striking six as she left her room: across the street workmen were streaming into the building to begin the labors of the day.

Brushing unceremoniously past the drowsy and indifferent guard in the corridor outside the door to Rose's room, Judith turned the key that remained in the lock on the outside, removed it, entered, and locked the door behind her.

Without any surprise she found her sister already dressed to the point of donning her outer garments.

Rendered half-frantic by this unexpected interruption, threatening as it did the perilous scheme that Alan had proposed, Rose greeted her sister with a countenance at once agitated and wrathful.

"What do you want?" she demanded tensely.

"To come to an understanding with you," Judith told her coolly.

"There is no understanding possible between us: you know that as well as I."

"Yet one there must be."

"I insist that you leave this room at once!"

"Insist by all means—and be damned! I may leave this room—and I may not, dear little sister. But one of us will never leave it alive."

With a start of terror, Rose shrank back from this strange, wild thing that wore the very shape and semblance of herself.

"What do you mean? You cannot mean to murder me in cold blood, Judith!"

"Not I!" Judith laughed harshly. "But, since it has pleased Destiny to decree that we must both love one man—let Destiny decide between us and bear the blame of murder!"

"Judith!"

"One moment!" Crossing to a side table, Judith took up a glass from a tray that held a silver water-pitcher, and returned with it to the table that occupied the middle of the floor. At the same time she opened a hand till then fast clenched and disclosed a small blue bottle with a red label shrieking the warning "POISON!"

He snatched simultaneously at the other hand, but it eluded him.

Alan had this advantage, as long as the knife might not strike—that his right arm was free, while the assassin had only his left. With this he strove

persistently to reach his knife-hand and possess himself of the weapon. As persistently Alan foiled his purpose by dragging the knife-hand toward him and swinging it far out to one side. At the same time he struck repeatedly with his clenched right fist at the other's face. His blows did little damage beyond disconcerting the other; but this proved a very considerable factor in the duel. In the end, they served together with that steady, relentless downward and outward drag, to break the grip of the man's locked legs.

Abruptly he pitched forward on his face along the girder, kicking wildly, grasping at the air. The stiletto fell from an instinctively relaxed grasp, and disappeared. And before Alan could release his hold, or ease the strain upon the right arm of the assassin, this last had slipped bodily from the girder and hung helpless in space, dangling at the end of Alan's arm—with no more than the grip of five fingers between him and death.

The shock of that unexpressed turn brought Alan forward and flat on his stomach. And the strain on his left arm was terrific. He doubted if he could maintain it for another minute. Nor was there any reason why he should retain it. The end he had designed for his victim was merely his just desert.

And yet Alan could not let him go. Thus the battle began anew—but now it was a battle with a man half-crazed and struggling so madly that he well-nigh frustrated the efforts of his rescuer.

In the upshot the assassin lay like a limp rag across the girder, head and arms dangling on one side, legs and feet on the other, spent with his terrific exertions and physically sick with terror.

And in this state Alan left him: he had done enough; let the man shift for himself from this time on.

CHAPTER XXV.

Changeling.

In the vague, chill gray of that dull and desolate dawn, Judith stirred abruptly on the couch of a sleepless night, and with the rapidity of one who has arrived at a settled purpose after a long period of doubt and perplexity, rose and bathed and dressed herself in negligence.

In the adjoining room she could hear small, stealthy noises—the sounds made by her sister moving about and preparing against the unguessable moment when her rescue would be attempted, according to the information conveyed in that midnight message.

For chance had conspired with her insomnia to station Judith in the recess of her darkened window, idly viewing the gaunt framework of the unfinished building from an angle which, when Alan edged out along the girder, showed him plainly in silhouette against the sky.

In Judith's eyes his identity was unmistakable. She had hardly needed the nightglasses which presently she brought to bear upon him at the moment when he was laboriously inditing his message—while grim death stalked him from behind.

She had seen him throw the watch and had heard the double thump of its impact with the wall and floor of Rose's bedchamber.

And she had witnessed with wildly beating heart that duel in the air—able to surmise its outcome only from the fact that the victor spared the life of the vanquished.

The clock was striking six as she left her room: across the street workmen were streaming into the building to begin the labors of the day.

Brushing unceremoniously past the drowsy and indifferent guard in the corridor outside the door to Rose's room, Judith turned the key that remained in the lock on the outside, removed it, entered, and locked the door behind her.

Without any surprise she found her sister already dressed to the point of donning her outer garments.

Rendered half-frantic by this unexpected interruption, threatening as it did the perilous scheme that Alan had proposed, Rose greeted her sister with a countenance at once agitated and wrathful.

"What do you want?" she demanded tensely.

"To come to an understanding with you," Judith told her coolly.

"There is no understanding possible between us: you know that as well as I."

"Yet one there must be."

"I insist that you leave this room at once!"

"Insist by all means—and be damned! I may leave this room—and I may not, dear little sister. But one of us will never leave it alive."

With a start of terror, Rose shrank back from this strange, wild thing that wore the very shape and semblance of herself.

"What do you mean? You cannot mean to murder me in cold blood, Judith!"

"Not I!" Judith laughed harshly. "But, since it has pleased Destiny to decree that we must both love one man—let Destiny decide between us and bear the blame of murder!"

"Judith!"

"One moment!" Crossing to a side table, Judith took up a glass from a tray that held a silver water-pitcher, and returned with it to the table that occupied the middle of the floor. At the same time she opened a hand till then fast clenched and disclosed a small blue bottle with a red label shrieking the warning "POISON!"

He snatched simultaneously at the other hand, but it eluded him.

Alan had this advantage, as long as the knife might not strike—that his right arm was free, while the assassin had only his left. With this he strove

Rose. "Do you *da* to be able to make me drink that?" she demanded contemptuously.

"Not I—but Destiny, if it will! See here!" From a pocket of her dressing-gown Judith produced a sealed deck of playing cards. "Let these declare the will of Destiny toward us. I will break the seal, shuffle the cards, and deal," she explained, suiting action to word. "The one who gets the trey of hearts will drain that glass. Is it a bargain?"

"Never! Oh, now I know that you are altogether mad!"

"Perhaps. Are you ready?" And Judith made as if to deal.

"No—never! I tell you I refuse!" Rose chattered, terrified.

"You dare not refuse."

"Why?"

"Because of this."

Whipping a small revolver from another pocket of her dressing-gown, Judith placed it on the table, ready to her hand.

"You will shoot me if I do not consent?"

"Not you—but him. If you refuse, little sister, I will shoot Alan Law dead when he comes to keep his appointment with you."

"Ah!" Rose cried in mingled fright and amazement. "How did you find out?"

"Never mind. Is it a bargain, now, about the trey of hearts? Remember, I shall keep my word about this pistol."

With a shudder Rose bowed her head.

"Deal," she muttered fearfully, "and may God judge between us!"

One by one she stripped the cards from the top of the deck, dealing first to Rose, then to herself.

One by one they fluttered to the table on either side the glass of poison, and fell face upmost.

The trey of hearts fell to Judith.

There was an instant of silent dread, ended by Rose, as Judith's hand moved steadily toward the glass.

"Judith!" she implored. "Don't—I beg of you—I didn't mean it—I take back my consent—"

"Too late!" said Judith, lifting the glass and eyeing its contents with a strange smile.

"Judith! you cannot mean to drink it!"

"Can't I, though?" the other laughed mirthlessly. "Just watch me!"

With a strangled cry Rose covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight, stood momentarily swaying, and dropped to the floor in a complete faint.

Delaying only to recognize this phenomena with a pitying smile for the weakness of spirit that caused it, Judith's glance darted through the window and saw that which caused her to stay her hand an instant longer.

On the topmost tier of girders of the building opposite, Alan Law stood amid a little knot of amused and animated laborers, one foot in the great steel hook of the hoisting tackle, both hands clasping the chain that linked it to the gigantic block.

And as Judith stared, he smiled at something said by one of those about him, looked back, and waved a hand to some person invisible.

Immediately the arm began to lift, the tackle to move slowly through the blocks. Very gently he was swung up and outward.

With a cry Judith flung the poison heedlessly from her, leaped across the room, and snatched up the street garments Rose had dropped at her sister's entrance.

In another moment she was struggling madly into them.

Before the shadow of Alan, clinging to the hook and chain, fell athwart the

and Alan stepped off upon the side walk.

"Safe and sound—and not a soul over there the wiser as yet!" he declared with a derisive nod toward the home of Trine. "Come along. Here's a limousine waiting. In twenty minutes we'll be at the ferry, in forty over in Jersey, within an hour married, within four hours safe at sea!"

(To be Continued)

Cataract Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Subscribe for The Optic.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION (Continued from Page Three)

Reyes Aragon; polling place, house of Jose Dario Alencio.

Precinct No. 25, Chavez—Judges, Simon Garcia y Montoya, George Chavez, Bernardo Griego; polling place, house of George Chavez.

Precinct No. 29, E. Las Vegas—Judges, Charles Greenleaf, Juan Ortega, Charles Douglas; polling place, City Hall.

Precinct No. 30, Canon de Manueltas—Judges, Frailan Alfre, Francisco Aragon, Jose L. Benavidez; polling place, house of Frailan Alfre.

Precinct No. 31, Puertecito—Judges, Indalecio Sena, Vicente Martinez, Manuel Manzanarez; polling place, house of Nestor Griego.

Precinct No. 32, El Pueblo—Judges, Ramon Ulibarri, Matias Rivera, Tomas Ortiz; polling place, House of Placido Rivera.

Precinct No. 33, Los Vigiles—Judges, Jose E. Garcia, Jose Crespin, Felipe Fresquez; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 34, San Isidro—Judges, Manuel D. Benavides, Apolinar Ruiz, Jose Ines Garcia; polling place, house of Tomas Gonzales.

Precinct No. 35, Las Gallinas—Judges, Juan Bles, Sr., Guadalupe Aranda, Elias Naranjo; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 36, Penasco Blanco—Judges, Nazario Quintana, Manuel D. Montoya, Faustino Silva; polling place, house of Nazario Quintana.

Precinct No. 37, El Carrizo—Judges, Epitacio Quintana, Federico Madrid, Jose Inocencio Ulibarri; polling place, house of Epitacio Quintana.

Precinct No. 38, Los Torres—Judges, Jose Gabriel Montano, Pedro M. A. Rael, Pedro Montano; polling place, house of Jose Gabriel Montano.

Precinct No. 39, Tecolotito—Judges, Sipo Salas, Francisco Sals, Anastacio Rael; polling place, house of Sipo Salas.

Precinct No. 40, Bernal—Judges, Clodio Ortega, Gregorio Sandoval, Antonio Marquez; polling place, house of Basilio Griego.

Precinct No. 41, Canon Largo—Judges, Vivian Baca, Florencio Esquibel, Raymundo Martinez; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 42, Romeroville—Judges, Jose Ignacio Martinez, Juan C. Montoya, Juan J. Madrid; polling place, house of Jose Ignacio Montoya.

Precinct No. 43, San Agustin—Judges, Lorenzo Garcia, Jesus Ma. Gonzales, Juan Quintana; polling place, house of Lorenzo Garcia.

Precinct No. 44, Ojitos Frios—Judges, Nestor Montano, Bonifacio Lucero, Felix Sanchez; polling place, house of Nestor Montano.

Precinct No. 45, Cherryvale—Judges, H. O. Morrison, Eugenio Baca, John Matthews; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 46, Emplazado—Judges, Jose M. Aragon, Agapito Trujillo, Jose Manuel Trujillo; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 47, Hot Springs—Judges, Lorenzo Leal, Felipe Lobato, Timoteo Fresquez; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 48, Tremontina—Judges, Melesio Sanchez, Pedro Robal, Francisco Barteras; polling place, house of Hilario Gonzales.

Precinct No. 49, Agua Zarca—Judges, Martin Marquez, Antonio Hidalgo, Alcario Salas; polling place, school house.

Precinct No. 50, Guadalupe—Judges, Ambrosio Candelaria, Domingo Cordova, Manuel Naranjo; polling place, house of Tiburcio Ulibarri.

Precinct No. 51, San Ignacio—Judges,

The LOBBY RESTAURANT AND CAFE

SHORT ORDERS AND REGULAR DINNERS

THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE ALWAYS HANDLED

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & dially welcome. Ed Lewis, President; A. M.—Regular communication first and third Thursday in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.



A. M. Staley, W. M.; H. S. Van Petten, Secretary.

LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR—Regular convocations second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple at 7:30 p. m. Dr. H. M. Smith, E. C.; Chas. Tamm, Recorder.

LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS—Regular convocations first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple at 7:30 p. m. P. A. Brinegar, H. P.; F. O. Blood, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4, Meets every Monday evening at their hall on Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

A. T. Rogers, Sr., N. G.; W. W. Smith, V. G.; T. M. Elwood, Secretary; Karl Wertz, Treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, Cemetery Trustee.

R. P. O. ELKS—Meets second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month Elks' home on Ninth street and Douglas avenue. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Wm. H. Springer, Exalted Ruler, D. W. Condon, Secretary.

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF SECURITY, COUNCIL NO. 2390—Meets in W. O. W. hall, Sixth street, on the first and third Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers and Ladies always welcome. O. L. Freeman, President; Miss Cora Montague, Financier, Mrs. A. V. Morrow, Local Deputy, 908 Jackson avenue; Z. W. Montague Assistant Deputy, 1011 Sixth street, East Las Vegas, N. M.

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD NO. 102—Meets every Monday night in O. R. C. hall, on Douglas avenue at 8 o'clock. Visiting members are cordially invited.

es, Pablo Fresquez, Cruz Roibal, Desiderio Solano; polling place, house of Pablo Fresquez.

Precinct No. 52, Las Colonias—Judges, Cleofes Gallegos, Guadalupe Roibal, Epifanio Quintana; polling place, house of Nazario Valencia.

Precinct No. 53, Encinosa—Judges, Julian Salazar, Julian Lucero, Ricardo Medina; polling place school house.

Precinct No. 54, Hillside—Judges, H. A. Schmidt, W. F. Calhoun, John Paulson; polling place, school house.

The first judge of election, named in each of said precincts, in the foregoing list, shall receive and hold, in his custody, the ballot box and other election supplies, as may be necessary for the holding of such election.

Done at Las Vegas, within San Miguel county, New Mexico, this 12th day of December, A. D. 1914.

BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF THE COUNTY OF SAN MIGUEL, NEW MEXICO.

(Seal) By FIDEL ORTIZ, Chairman.

Attest: LORENZO DELGADO, Clerk.

Wherein the lungs indicate that phlegm is obstructing the air passages. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP loosens the phlegm so that it can be coughed up and ejected. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Central Drug Co.—Adv.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa Fe, N. M.

East Las Vegas, N. M. Albuquerque, N. M. Pecos, N. M. Trinidad, Colo. Rowe, N. M. Santa